BLACK BARE & BEAUTIFUL

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JITTERIN' JUGS BLACK DEVIL RAUNCY ROMPER

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BLACK BARE & BEAUTIFUL

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CINDY
ALONE

She's tried walking them streets, wiggling those legs, and wobbling all that gorgeous stuff around, but no go. Being lonely is no fun trip, a girl's gotta have something to call her own. Something to fill those empty moments of her life.

She's already thinking of taking a trip, going someplace where the hunting might be a little easier. Someplace south where the sun is hot and the men even hotter. Cindy's getting tired of sitting in that candy store all day, slugging away at making the chocolates for sweatshop pay. The big city might be the fun city for a while, but sooner or later everyone wakes up to the fact that while they were having the fun, somehow they got alone.

black devil

The black girl shivered with a strange delight, sensuously sniffing up the warm tropic breeze off the Mexican sea, the faint odour of charcoal burning in a hundred little stoves behind the hotel, the acrid odour from the wall below the hotel verandah where the men and horses both had pissed for decades—or was it centuries? It was an old, old town. She laughed softly like a high spirited young filly and let the big, clumsy young man in the seersucker suit and the button down mind light her cigarette.

Her hair was a tight, neatly coiffed cap of wiry black and her glistening ebony arms and breasts were naked except where, very low, with conscious provocation, the smashingly bright dress of bits of fragments of mirror glittered like a riviera of diamonds over her lithe body. She was leaning against a pillar, half sitting on the railing, one leg slightly raised, the mirrored fringe of her dress falling to one side.

The young man couldn't take his eyes from the bright fringe, like a cat of nine tails forged out of crystal, or from the shadows of her thighs, or the deeper shadow between.

"Tropic," she said, "I just love this wonderful tropic go-to-hell feeling that gets me all stirred up inside," she went on, taking a deep breath which made the bugle beads and the mirrored beads jangle in the breeze. She looked up at him and smiled. "Just like a nice hot wet cunt," she said. "You like cunt, dear?" she asked, suddenly stubbing her cigarette out on the back of his hand. He yelled. She threw her head back and let out a wild peal of laughter. A horse drawn arana below, barely visible in the dim light, hesitated as the driver turned back to see who was happy, or who was being raped. Or both.

"Jesus," said the boy, holding on to his hand resentfully but still fascinated by the dark cuntal shadows between her legs, "what the hell did you have to do that for?"

"Tiger!" said the girl, getting up now and giving her body a little shake which put all the bits of mirror in riotous motion, "you're on a little holiday, man! You gotta try it a little different, don't you, baby?

What's your name, Tiger? Hmm?" she asked, taking his burnt hand and raising it to her moist, brightly painted lips and suddenly kissing it. She let her tongue wander from the burn to one of his fingers and it flashed around his class ring for the briefest of seconds. He forgot his burn.

"Roy," he said.

She let out a sigh and looked at him. They were standing on the verandah. Just beyond the street in front, the sea wall held the crashing waves. There was no moon but there was an immense black heaven, dotted with stars here and there and the girl seemed, in a way, to be a sort of interpretation of that. In the distance, not far away, in fact in the bar at the verandah's other side, behind the louvred shutters and the palm trees, a band of native mariachi's was playing spiritedly. An oldish, paunchy American fisherman, lonely, was standing on the steps further down, having a cigar, wondering what the hell to do with himself. It was early. "My names's Glitter," said the girl, giving herself another little shake and indicating she'd like another cigarette. As she did she took the boy's hand and pushed it abruptly through the mirrored fringe of her dress into her crotch.

He laughed and stared at her. "You're naked," he said.

She laughed again. "That's right, dear," she said, wriggling his hand about, "that's pussy, real pussy. Feels like home, doesn't it, lover?"

As the paunchy, sixty-ish fisherman, curious, straightened his base-ball cap and came rolling toward them, Glitter pulled the boy's hand back.

The sharp edges of the mirrored fringe cut the boy's hand. "Owww!" he said.

"Not *again!*" said the girl, mockingly. "Why, Tiger you're just about the most accident prone young man I've ever met. I bet you're even one of those premature ejaculators you read about, aren't you, now?"

The boy flushed, open-mouthed. She laughed and pressed her handsomely manicured fingers against his mouth, running her forefinger with the big glittering ring, around his teeth. "And that's a cute little baby pink tongue," she said, in her low voice, one eye on the curious, dull-looking, sixty-ish fisherman standing by the window now watching them. "Honey," she whispered in the boy's ear, "that old sonovabitch over there watching us is jacking off! If there's anything I hate it's people carrying on like that in public, I mean darlin' right out here where everyone can see!"

She grabbed the boy's arm, pressing hard against his hand. It hurt because he was both burned and cut and he couldn't repress a cry of pain.

Glitter ignored the whole thing. "Buy me a drink, Sweetie," she said, marching Roy smartly down the verandah.

As they passed the paunchy fisherman she whipped out with a, "you old freak, playing with yourself in front of a respectable woman!"

The old man's mouth fell open. "I have a colostomy," he said, helplessly. "I can't help it! I had the shrimp here today, and I'm upset inside."

"Being upset inside is one thing and being upset in public on the outside is something else," said Glitter, tossing her head, "go to your room, empty your bag, masturbate and take a pill, "she went on.

The young man's mouth continued to gape, shocked, half-amused as Glitter, laughing, pushed open the swinging louvred doors of the old bar and pulled him in with her.

The bar, handsomely tiled with Spanish tile, beamed, old, more or less crowded with the red-faced fishing crowd and the younger, understandably sallow screwing crowd, made a nice setting for an entrance and Glitter gave it her all, bugle beads and mirrors flashing in all directions.

She pushed the boy into a big booth at one side, threw herself ravenously on the home-made potato chips and arranged herself so that the bartender could see her crotch. Drinks on the house were immediately sent over via a goggle eyed sixteen year old.

Roy took out his cigarette case again, which Glitter approvingly noted was gold. As he held it for her to take a cigarette she noted mentally the case came from Bond Street. She viewed Roy with rather more approval than earlier.

"You're too young for me, honey," she said, "but you've got a sweet, still damp-behind-the-balls look that I kind of dig on these hot nights."

He smiled uncertainly, staring at her. She was certainly something to stare at, gorgeous and bold, living up to her sobriquet of Glitter, with black skin like matte smudged velvet.

"Are you a whore?" he asked. She looked at him and laughed. "Honey," she said, "whores went out with the Stone Age, or the stoned age. You don't recognize me?" she asked.

He shook his head. She shrugged. "Ten pages of *Vogue* this month, I just did a TV special in Mexico City, and I'm going to play Blanche in L.A. in a black version of *Streetcar*. Honey, where've you been? God," she went on, eating ravenously, "don't you just go out of your ever lovin' over these potato chips? Fantastic," she said.

Her attention however by now had wandered to the door leading from the hotel lobby. The bar manager had come in.

"Lord Almighty," she whispered, her metal sheathed fingernails glowing prehensiley in the bright lights.

"What the hell you wearing those knives on your fingernails

(Continued on page 54)

MOM
WORKS
IT
OUT

Most of your inner city mothers are content with making things comfortable for their husbands and kids, but this one is on a trip of her own. When Susan heard about the sex research clinic opening up on the other side of town, she decided to find out all about it and maybe get in on some of their doings.

One thing she was particularly interested in finding out was whether or not the myth about black people being able to get it on better than white people was true or not. After all, she figured, maybe my husband's got the wrong color skin, maybe all the talk is just talk. Susan didn't particularly know what she would do at the clinic, but the doctors had their own idea . . .

"Wow, what a scene, man, let me tell you those doctors are really flipped out. First thing they did to me was to strap me into some couch and this big plastic THING was swinging in the air right above me, coming down slow into my trench. And that machine was smart, too! Made me climax about four times before I could get those loonies to turn off the machine. They all said that I did real well."

"Funny thing was, they said that I was normal! Even with all that humping and puffing I did underneath the machine, they thought I was normal. Well, at least they proved to me that my hubby was as good as anyone, and that made me happy, but I sure do miss that gizmo!"

JITTERIN' JUGS

One thing I got's that a lot of ladies wish they had is jittering jugs. They's gotten me into a lotta nice bedrooms, let me tell you, and a lot of fine gentlemen have had their hands just itching to get into my blouse. Heck, just looking at those poor slobs with their eyes bulging out makes me wanna laugh!

But I can understand it. I got big ones, and that's what makes the men come running for you is your boobs. It's not my fault my knockers are as big as watermelons. You know the old saying -- if you got it, flaunt it!

Black chicks are really popular right now because of the whole black 'in' thing that all the celebrities are into, but I'll have to say that all this "superstar" business isn't affecting us women on the streets all that much. I still get razzed from the people who always razzed me, and I still get picked up by the kind of tricks I've always had to cater to. It ain't my skin color that's doing me miracles, it's my boobs.

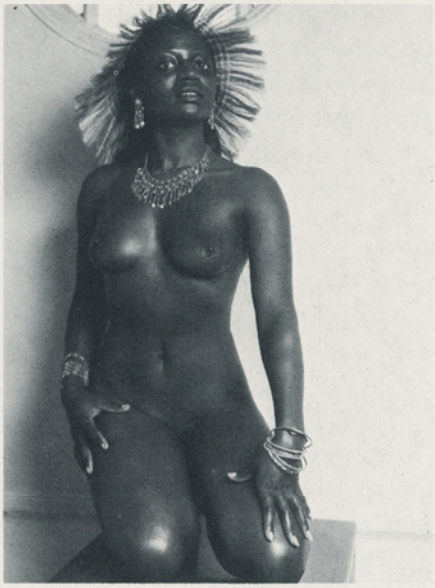
My life hasn't been so bad, I guess. A lot of white dudes call me a hard chick; it bugs them that I know so much. I guess they just can't handle a woman who can handle sex just as well as they can.

SHE
SIZZLES
WHEN
IT'S HOT!

When it's hot, you kind of drift around cool and easy. Bopping, bipping, swinging with the breeze. All is easy n' free. Guys and Girls out walking the streets, looking for a dance or just a chance. Wearing pretty clothes . . .

Your blood runs hotter and thicker, you kind of get that hanging around feeling. I like it! Makes things easier all around. And at night, when the winds come up and the trees howl back and forth I put on my silk red dress and go to the jazz bars over on 42nd Street . . .

Most people think they closed down the honky tonks here, but they're still going, and going strong too. They serve drinks in frosted glasses and there's a chanteuse up by the piano with a camilia in her hair. I go there and sit at the bar, over by the corner where Joe usually sits. Our legs touch and we fondle each other while we drink, whispering sweet things to each other. It doesn't take very long to go over to the house and then back to the bar again so we often leave the music and the lights and the crowd for a few minutes, holding onto each other until we get to the bed and can fall down . . .



Interracial Mystique: The Appeal Of Black Girls

The white man's erotic preference for female black beauties is not a new phenomenon by any means. Since the earliest days of antiquity, when the stronger and lighter skinned armies of Europe and Asia began moving south into Africa and Asia Minor and other uncharted regions inhabited by brown and black-skinned races there has been a sexual attraction among opposites. From that time until very recently it was the more powerful white man who held all the prerogatives in matters of interracial sex, commanding conquered black women at will, yet forbidding black men access to white women or even in many cases to their own ebony females.

Whether or not the white man's attraction for Negro women was reciprocated in those days we will never really know, for two reasons. First, as we have already established, most of the women were taken by coercion into slavery—those who resisted the white man's advances were not likely to have lived long enough to tell the story. In the second place, nobody was interested in their attitudes or inclinations. They were chattel and not deemed worthy of humanistic concern. Still, interracial sex in antiquity was a far different phenomenon from its counterpart in contemporary society or even slavery as it was known in the ante-bellum South.

While it is true that men of today as well as of yore often coveted black beauties, the psychology of their relationship to them has undergone important changes, largely as a result of metamorphosing social and anthropological attitudes. Let us trace briefly the transformation of interracial sex, especially as it affected black girls and the mystique which gradually grew up around them.

The Egyptians and the various Mesopotamian peoples, many of whom were not quite white themselves, kept darker skinned slaves and showed a preference for black women. Many females were enslaved and kept in chains, if necessary, while the more cooperative ones went to work in households and fields. The most attractive were naturally kept close at hand by their masters and called upon to service them sexually, there being no question of a wife raising objections, since she was largely without rights. In ancient Judea and Greece many Negroes lived, not as citizens, but as slaves, because they were not economically or politically influential enough to command a respectable place in the alien societies in which they found themselves,

Black girls in all these different lands were always in high demand and brought the best prices in the case of slaves—better prices than strapping young males. Not only were they valued for their sexual charms but for their procreative potential as well; in slavery the children of slaves are usually slaves themselves and therefore they add to the wealth of the master.

Yet, from what we know of these ancient cultures, it is reasonable to conclude that interracial sexual exploitation was not as traumatic in those times as in our own. Milton Meltzer, author of the book, *Slavery*, which describes and analyzes this institution throughout human history, contends that there was no racial discrimination to speak of until the European-American brand of slavery emerged. Although white men coveted black women back in the Mediterranean cradle of civilization their lusts were not like those of our more recent forefathers. Although they surely abused their black slaves in many cases, it was probably not with the condescension of men who felt they were dealing with subhuman beasts. Slaves were economic and sexual property, politically without rights also, as the spoils of war, but they were not discriminated against as biologically inferior, unclean, depraved, bestial—all the charges that only more recently were hurled against American blacks.

These ancient attitudes no doubt served to make the sexual abuse of white men more bearable to black women, oppressive and exploitative as it must certainly have been. At least they were prized for their racial distinctions, looked upon as the *rara avis* of the lust-filled master's household. They could at least reason that they were deprived of their freedom and humanity because they were militarily conquered. The same could have happened to any race, and did not of necessity reflect on their standing as human beings per se.

Psychologists have long argued about what must then have attracted the ancient white men to black women. Havelock Ellis gives us a strong clue in noting that sexual desires are aroused more by novelty than by familiarity. This is a biological law, in his opinion, which functions to circumvent incest. The growing child will naturally feel a strong, even somewhat erotic attachment for certain members of his own family, but this will be quickly and totally eclipsed in the presence of an attractive stranger. Opposites attract, according to the more simplistic proverb—but there can be no doubt that this is true. The large racially mixed population of many parts of the world cannot be explained any other way.

Of course, opposites don't always attract, but when they do not there is a likelihood that fear and inhibition are working against an attraction which does still exist on some level. As we will see when we discuss modern racism, the antagonism of many whites toward blacks is little more than a blind attempt to conceal the sexual tension which exists between them.

Roman culture, at the height of the Empire and in its subsequent corruption and decline, epitomizes the most libertine aspects of interracial sex.

Prized as black women may have been by other peoples, to the Romans they were as jewels, and yet they were not exclusively treasured. The Roman military conquerors enslaved a quarter of the globe, but economically Rome held sway over half. The Romans were efficient administrators, adept at organizing and codifying. Esthetically they went from peasants to cognoscenti to insatiable gluttons, insofar as this sort of thing may be described in general terms. At any rate, having satisfied their economic and territorial demands, Romans, at the empire's zenith, turned toward a completely abandoned hedonism, cherishing rare and sumptuous foods, spectacular and inhumane entertainment, such as the bloody gladiatorial battles, and, not least of all, all the sexual excess and variety money and might could procure.

Thus black girls were coveted, but no more so than Oriental girls or Mongol girls. The Roman passion for racial and sexual variety in their slaves went to such lengths that some experts believe it was this which motivated many later Roman conquests, resulting in an empire which actually contained more slaves than free men. At any rate, captives from all over the known world were dragged before the appraising eyes of buyers onto the auction block. Meltzer reports that the following include only some of the peoples who passed into the hands of slave-owners: Bithynians, Carians, Cappadocians, Jews, Lydians, Phrygians, Alexandrians, Egyptians, Ethiopians, Nubians, Gauls, Germans, Spaniards, Danubians, Thracians, Dacians, Sarmatians and Siracians.

And the Romans were meticulous slave-buyers, if the lengths they went to in examining slaves at market were any indication. Men and women alike (Romans weren't prudes about homosexuality) were stripped naked and painstakingly prodded, poked, squeezed and caressed. The rationale was that buyers had to determine if they were healthy and properly subordinate but in reality their interest was largely sexual. It was quite common for wealthy Romans to boast of having voluptuous household servants from every corner of the known world, nor was it unheard of for bored master to swap slaves with friends and neighbors, for the sake of mutual variety. Romans also brought out their most attractive slaves, undoubtedly including many of their ebony women, to entertain at the frequent orgies. It is said that at the height of its glory, Rome celebrated no fewer than 175 feast days per year, and few have argued that these feasts were strictly culinary.

Although Rome caricatured rather than typified the pre-Christian attitude toward sex which was prevalent among the Mediterranean societies, it revealed something very significant with regard to interracial sex, racism and inhibition. The Romans, the Greeks, the Egyptians, the Mesopotamians, all were pagan cultures which put more or less credence into fertility cults—the worship of the gods of plenty, who might be honored as much by indiscriminate copulation as by the sowing of grain seeds. Prostitution in perhaps its earliest form took place right in the holy temples with priestesses who donated their services and citizens who wished to make a respectable offering to the gods, and thus ensure their own fertility as well as that of their fields. The Greeks looked upon sex as an integral part of life, to be celebrated in all its various forms; the Romans virtually looked on life as a part of sex.

At any rate there was no inhibition, except for the insecurity-motivated double-standard so harshly imposed by men upon ancient women. The men at least, enjoyed as much and various sex as they could, feeling no guilt about it. It is for this reason primarily that ancient interracial sex was not discriminatory, not marked by a compulsion to consider darker races inferior, not laden with unconscious hostility and conflicts between temptation and taboo.

With the rise and development of Christianity a schism arose between body and spirit—largely a misinterpretation of the teachings of Christ by such ascetics as St. Paul, St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas. Sex was sin, except, possibly, within marriage and for purposes of propagation. As feudalism took reign, interracial sex became less common because manors were usually isolated and no vast military-economic empire existed to transport the blacks to Europe. Those who had been denizens of Rome retreated with the coming of the Germanic tribes to Constantinople, Spain, North Africa and other places with a more amenable climate and government.

We do not know a great deal about the appeal of the black girl to the white man in medieval times, probably because interracial sex in Europe was not a widespread phenomenon. In the Renaissance and afterwards, as European nations became more wealthy and powerful there is some record of monarchs prizing black women as valuable and unusual concubines, although they were officially employed as household servants to save face with the Church.

But with the Reformation and the subsequent rise of Puritanism a far more rigorous attitude toward sex took hold in many lands and thus arose many of the erotic hangups we have inherited. It is in Puritanism that we find the true roots of racism —which itself is no more than the overt expression of inner conflict about interracial sex.

The Puritans and other orthodox Protestant sects preached a thorough-going abstinence which forbade dancing, singing, drinking, most recreation and of course all sex but procreative coitus between lawful man and wife. Every other sensual

appetite and emotion was suppressed—possibly as a reaction to the terrifying Black Death which swept Europe so frequently in those days, definitely in opposition to the pomp and pageantry of the Roman Catholic Church, the officials of which hypocritically amassed fortunes at the expense of the poor and even indulged the sexual lusts they outwardly forbade themselves most strenuously.

At any rate the Puritans, from a psychological point of view, went much too far in regulating natural, inherent human proclivity, punishing, threatening and frightening in the name of God, and causing unconscious conflict which had to result in neurosis if not perversion when it came to sex.

At the same time the economic empires of European countries were expanding and they again began to come into contact with African blacks. Once again the white Europeans had the might and the organization to enslave their darker brethren to their own economic advantage, and enslave them they did. It is perhaps significant that the Catholic empires—Spain, France, Portugal—often intermarried with their darker captives in the New World and Africa, converting their victims to Catholicism and certainly oppressing them but not enslaving them like the English who began to develop inflexible and erroneous theories about racial differentiation.

Behind this was the sexual tension of the Puritans confronted with the uninhibited behavior of the blacks they began enslaving and importing to England and America to do their physical labor. Especially in the American South the influence of Puritanism was both strong and corrupt at the same time. Plantation-owners and their kin unconsciously bore the taboos they had been taught but could not resist their temptations. More than other white men they lusted after their Negro slaves and possessed them sexually almost at will. At the same time they began to develop a racist philosophy which might serve to ease their consciences vis-a-vis their hypocrisy. Whites began arguing that blacks were an inferior race—idle, irresponsible, immoral, bestial, filthy and less intelligent. All these characteristics of course were anathema to the Puritan ethic and, unconsciously, the subjects of temptation and taboo at once. Thus the masters justified enslaving and exploiting their underlings, regarding their own power as proof of their superiority. The darker the race the less civilized, they maintained, and why should not the weak and the primitive obey the strong and the advanced?

Anthropologists joined the fray and soon were espousing theories that Negores were closer to apes than to Caucasians, using as evidence pseudo-scientific studies of jaw and skull development. Some argued that Negores were subhuman because their hair felt like sheep's wool, others because the frontal lobes of the brains of blacks were said to be smaller—despite evidence that brain-size does not affect intelligence, at least not frontal-lobe size.

Others advanced arguments that betrayed their unconscious hangups and bigotry more blatantly. Eminent English physician Dr. Charles White, in an effort to prove the multiple origin of races, described a "great chain of being" in his book, *An Account of the Regular Gradation in Man*, published in 1799. Attempting to characterize Negroes as an intermediary species between white men and apes he cited differences in thumb-size and body odor as well as alleged sexual differences, claiming that the Negro penis is larger and more apelike. Since penile size is significant only in erection his findings were erroneous and betrayed more than anything else a strong feeling of sexual inferiority. White also had something to say about the black woman—obviously as much a subject of racial-sexual controversy as the black man.

The sexual organs of Negro women, White contended, are larger than those of European women, especially the clitoris. He maintained without real evidence that black women have easier parturitions and menstruate less, like apes and baboons. Finally, he referred to accounts of travelers who reported that the breasts of Hottentot women were so long that they could suckle their children upon their backs "by throwing the breast over the shoulders."

Even if any of these allegations were based on anatomical fact they did little to actually prove the Negro racially inferior. What they did do, especially by asserting a corollation between Negro and simian sexuality, was to reassure the miscegenating slaveholder that his sin was trivial since the black woman was less than human. Of course with predictable hypocrisy the heinous sin of bestiality was not often referred to.

Let us explore in a bit more detail how the white man's attitude toward the black gave racial expression to what was fundamentally a sexual conflict with regard to the black woman. Racist whites above all regarded Negroes as filthy, unclean, therefore bestial. Of course skin color is the obvious source of this prejudice but there is another more significant one. Black and brown are the colors associated with excrement—a substance which has unconscious traumatic significance to many Christian white men. Cleanliness is next to godliness, as the saying goes, and uncounted thousands of mothers ignorantly thwarted their infants' instinctive eroticism and induced trauma by overly rigorous toilet-training. Freud theorized, and his theory still holds weight, that the infant takes sensual, if not sexual, pleasure in elimination and manipulation of his feces. In a primary

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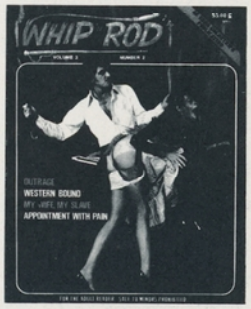

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passive stage he may seek to hoard his stool or regard it as a first gift to his mother. Especially if he is punished harshly for this or his elimination undergoes attempted regulation too soon, or too insensitively, he may react by expelling excrement with a kind of sadistic pleasure. White Puritan mothers, squeamish about the entire anal-genital region, have been about the most likely to inhibit childhood eroticism in these areas. The Negro's skin color serves as an unconscious reminder of excrement and sex—both of them "filthy" to many white men.

Furthermore, human beings instinctively shrink from the unknown at the same time that they are fascinated by it. The Negro represents to the white unconscious everything that is strange, dark, and inscrutable in humanity. With the typical African's physical looseness and easy tendency to laugh, sing and dance—not to mention copulate —vastly restricted activities for the Puritans, the black man and woman truly represented the mysterious and the forbidden.

All of these psychological forces were at work on the ante-bellum plantations and at the auctioneering places where white slaveholders had contact with the black women after whom they lusted but would not admit it like their Roman forebears. The same practices went on but the modern, inhibited master tended to compensate for his repressed sexuality by behaving even more cruelly and heartlessly.

George Washington Carleton describes and documents the diabolical reality of slavery in the South in an account called *The Suppressed Book About Slavery!*, finally published in 1864, seven years after it was written. From this study we may gain an understanding of the white slaveholder's attitude toward black women. The author discusses, first of all, how Negroes were sold at auction—shamed and humiliated by unabashed prospective buyers who examined them from head to foot, and then further degraded by auctioneers who subjected the women especially to an endless derisive banter which bespoke their own lascivious desires.

After the auctioneer's assistant, a slave himself, demonstrated the girl's fitness to advantage, the auctioneer would customarily tell her to look up and then would begin thusly: "Gentlemen! This is a very choice specimen—a very likely girl, warranted sound, in every respect, and the title is perfect! She's a tip-top seamstress and threatens to become magnificently prolific! What will you give for her, how much? Do I hear $1000? $1000 I'm only bid for such a superb piece of property . . . Why, gentlemen, I'm really astonished at your backwardness! This girl is none of your every-day niggers. She's a specimen that some of your abolitionists would give almost any price for. . . ."

Sometimes girls were advertised for sale in newspaper ads: "For Sale: An accomplished and handsome Lady's Maid. She is just sixteen years of age, was raised in Maryland; and is now offered for sale, not for any fault but simply because the owner has no further use for her. . . ." A contemporary Massachusetts editor wrote indignantly that ads like this meant invariably that the girls were to be sold into prostitution—often by their own fathers.

In speaking of the circumstances of most of these sales and the subsequent treatment of women, Dr. C. G. Parsons, in a book called *A Tour Among the Planters*, published in 1852, comments, "The female slaves cannot be otherwise than degraded. Subjected at all times to the passions of the whites, chastity and refinement are out of the question. They are stripped entirely naked to be punished, not only on the plantations, but by the city marshals in the cities, to whom the slaveholders or 'masters' send them for this purpose. And often they are exposed in public for sale, in the same condition. . . ."

Many female slaves on the auction block were found to have been cruelly mistreated, with their bodies bearing indelible evidence. One young girl of about twelve, for sale in Kentucky in 1855, "showed burns that evidently were made with hot-irons upon her neck, hands, under both arms, and between her legs, both behind and before; besides bruises upon her head, and bleeding at the ears." According to this report the young girl had also suffered dreadfully from hunger and cold.

Another girl was sold by her father, who disrobed her before the crowd and appealed to their basest passions before turning her over to the auctioneer. This gentleman praised her naked eighteen-year-old body to the full and finally pronounced her sold to a sixty-five-year-old man who outbid all others.

On the plantations it was even worse as the masters took advantage of the privacy of their domains to overwork, underfeed, punish, persecute and frequently sexually assault black women. Naturally, husbands and lovers were cuckolded by their masters all the time and those who protested were tortured or slain. The easiest thing to do was to separate families by selling them off to different bidders in different parts of the South. Or rather this was the most humane—killing a complaining husband was easier.

One instance that the book we have been referring to notes was the case of a Negro man and wife who were flogged when it was the wife who refused to have sex with her master. Enraged, he had them tied to separate stakes, their feet bound so that they were on tiptoes, and then lashed by a poor white vagabond. While this took place the master ranted and cursed and assured the couple

that they would regret the woman's reluctance to please him. "I'll put an end to your fun," he screamed. "I'll make it a dear job for you both."

The whipper alternated his blows between them and soon cut the woman's chemise and the flesh of her back into ribbons. Two-hundred and fifty lashes later she was carried unconscious to her hut. Her husband, who was to get four hundred lashes, begged for mercy after the first two-hundred and fifty, but none was extended. When the victim was finally cut down his master took a jack-knife from his pocket, sliced some dangling strips of flesh off his back without heeding his screams and threw them to the hogs, which ate them greedily.

A man from Rochester, N.Y. testified, in another case, that he knew a minister from Virginia who dragged a female slave into the barn to whip her and brought her out dead. He went unpunished. The same witness saw yet another master kill a woman with an axe for stealing a pinch of salt.

In yet another case, James Clark, a slaveholder and a prominent citizen, one day sexually assaulted one of his black women. He then ordered her into a corner of the room and began pitching his knife at her, "point foremost." As Carleton describes it, "as the knife would enter her flesh, he would compel his victim to draw it forth and return it to him!" He covered the woman with about fifty gashes. Later the same day, Clark battered his own wife, cutting her all over the head with his knife, and even cut off her eyelids!

The carnage finally culminated in murder the following day when his wife failed to bring him a slave he ordered her to get. Five times she delivered his summons, five times the slave refused to come, and five times Clark whipped her for her failure. Then he went out and shot the Negro in cold blood.

Clark freely confessed these crimes but justified his conduct by appealing to scripture: "The Bible commands wives and other servants to obey their owners," he insisted, "and if they will not, the master should make them."

On a more profound psychological level, however, we may be sure that what truly motivated Clark and others like him was an overwhelming sense of frustration, inadequacy and inferiority. If there were any evidence about the sexual attacks such men performed I believe we would learn that many made themselves adept with knives, whips and other phallic weapons to compensate for their failings with their anatomical endowments. Of course, thousands of whites did succeed in impregnating black girls, but most reports indicate that they still felt sexually inferior to Negro men. The proof of this is that they had to take what they wanted by force.

Black Panther leader Eldridge Cleaver, once a rapist of white women and an inmate of California prisons for many years, educated himself about Negro-white relations in America, and in his book, *Soul On Ice*, has given an insightful Freudian explanation of the sexual origins of racism. Here is a summary of the theory:

Cleaver couches the story of America in biting allegorical terms, calling the white man the Omnipotent Administrator and his black slave the Supermasculine Menial. The white woman is the Ultrafeminine Doll and the black woman the Subfeminine Amazon. This is because the white man has, through a process of unconscious sublimation resulting from socially-engendered sexual inhibition, traded his normal sexuality for power. The more power he assumes the less sex his libido puts out, and the more he must rationalize by making many sex forms taboo. At the same time, his captive in the quest for power, the Negro, who culturally has maintained more sex than power drive, becomes his subordinate muscle. He is the body to man's transgressions against black women.

Cleaver concludes that the interracial sex mystique has not only victimized the blacks but ensnared them psychologically as well. He claims that black unity is impossible as long as the black men are disappointments to black women and are lusting after the White Goddess. He closes his book with an open letter to the Black Queen he feels his brothers have failed for the last four hundred years, proclaiming, "Across the naked abyss of negated masculinity, of four hundred years minus my Balls, we face each other today, my Queen."

But Cleaver's arguments notwithstanding, the contemporary black man still has white competition for black women. As a midwestern sociologist put it at a recent convention of professors engaged in race-relations studies, "Not very much has changed. People may understand the bases of racial sexual mystiques, but their erotic urges are not so easily diverted. There is a credibility gap between the mind and the genitals when it comes to interracial sex."

The testimony of a black prostitute in the Watts section of Los Angeles would tend to confirm this opinion. "When whitey comes here," she told a reporter recently, "he wants the blackest ass he can get. We got Mexican girls and Hawaiian girls that are real good-lookers, but all he wants is a 'black nigger bitch,' or a 'black mama,' as he likes to refer to us girls."

One of my own patients with a preference for black girls that borders on the compulsive expresses the white masculine point of view which seems to be most typical: "Sure, I like dark meat. If you really want to have sex you've got to get black pussy working for you because those girls are the only ones who aren't hung up about sex.

You may find a white girl who knows how to screw once in a while but with them it's the exception rather than the rule."

On the other hand, a black female patient of mine has this to say about interracial sex: "I think it's true that we're not as hung up about sex as white women, but judging from white men I can see why. I've slept with a few in my time and not one of them was interested in me as a person. They were the most childish, insecure, egotistical men I've ever known—and the worst lovers. I'm convinced that any black woman who marries one does it for the status or the money."

As much as most sexual mystiques are based on fiction rather than fact, there does seem to be some basis to the belief that black women have fewer sexual inhibitions. Certainly as a result of their heritage sex has never been a taboo subject. Black girls have been taught the facts of life early and often somewhat pessimistically. They have been prepared to be sexually exploited or at least to guard against considering their chastity as a holy possession. Asceticism and puritanism have never caught on among Negores, except for small sects such as the Black Muslims, because they never had any culturally bred guilt feelings which required abstinence or expiation. By nature and upbringing black girls are likely to be freer sexually—or at least they were until the sex revolution of the sixties created a lot more white competition.

But some black girls have another problem: a pervasive feeling of hostility toward all men. Because so many of them have had weak, alcoholic or absent black fathers, or have not even known who their fathers were, they have been denied the opportunity to resolve penis envy by transferring affection from the "castrated" mother to the phallic father, and so develop along traditional passive, feminine lines.

Instead they identified with a "phallic" mother who was the head of the household and they themselves have grown up coveting the relatively masculine goals of aggressiveness and economic self-sufficiency. Many black girls simply do despise black men, blaming them all for their own father's desertion or weakness or their servility toward the white man. Some despise the white man too for the horrible ways in which he has exploited black women.

Yet it is true, as my patient pointed out, that for many black women a white man means security, money, prestige. Quite a few successful black female entertainers have taken white husbands, more for these reasons, it is to be suspected, than out of a dynamic love relationship.

On the other side of the coin, it is probably the case that white men tend to desire Negro girls because of the allure of the forbidden. The sort of white man who is captivated by mystiques and vulnerable to racial prejudice probably does suffer from sexual repression and often will look for a black girl friend because he has proved himself relatively impotent with white girls. He wants an "oversexed Negro bitch" to seduce him and liberate him sexually. Even more than that he wants an aggressive female to mother him, thus resolving his own Oedipal fixation.

Most white men who do attempt to have sexual relations with a black woman will go to a prostitute rather than trying to find a black lover. They are afraid of igniting the wrath of some potential or actual black rival and being repaid for what they have done to Negro men who crossed sexual color lines. Furthermore they do not really seek a dynamic relationship, or at least are afraid to become involved in one, especially since an interracial one places so many pressures on most couples.

With the black prostitute the white man can unburden himself, complaining of his wife's nagging and frigidity, while he enjoys the black prostitute's simulated orgasms and cons himself into believing in his masculinity once again. It may very well be true that most white men who praise the sexual responsiveness of black girls are judging from their experiences with prostitutes who fooled them into thinking they were responding.

Still other white men go to Negro brothels not to have relations with the girls but to watch them have relations with each other, with black men and, most popularly, to watch a black man copulate with a white girl, thus fulfilling what Malcolm X described as the white man's greatest fear. A lot of these men are not only superstitiously afraid of the diseases they might catch from a "filthy" Negro girl, but are really sexual children, voyeurs preferring to live vicariously rather than attempt to overcome their erotic inhibitions.

As for those cases in which white men do make it with black girls we can only say that it is to be hoped the relationship did not arise out of the nebulous and pernicious interracial mystique per se. Of course all psychologists gladly endorse male-female relationships which manifest genuine love or at least affection and which serve to minimize alienation and further the emotional and psychosexual ties of the participants. This certainly does occur between blacks and whites with increasing frequency.

But the intimacy which results from an obsessive superstition, and has as its prime motivation the satisfaction of bodily lusts, is really no intimacy at all. At best its pleasures are transitory and it may actually do a great deal of harm, increasing alienation and racial misunderstanding by denying unilaterally or mutually the personal elements which are essential to every relationship.

RAUNCHY ROMPER

Sadatha is a model on the California bikini circuit, but at heart she's a country girl. She's got a ranch out in Sonoma and she spends as much time as possible out in the woods where these pictures were taken. Of course she digs the nude scene.

Believe it or not, she rides a motorcycle to work. On the day these pictures were taken, she was planning on making a run with some of her friends on down the coastline to the hippie ranches of Big Sur for some sun and fun. Sorry, we can't give out info on our models.

(Continued from page 12)

for," asked the boy, staring at them. They were handsome, jewel-inset but . . . dangerous.

She looked at him briefly, still fascinated by the newcomer. "For my work, dear," she said, "I do a lot of nail polish ads. What's the matter? You think I'm a kook or something? Oh, you college boys. You got such low, perverted little tastes, haven't you, dear," she continued.

She watched the bar manager. "That's a living dream prince," she sighed into her drink, staring across the bar at the man with a fixity of purpose which in any other age, would have gotten her burned at the stake as a card-carrying witch.

"Oh, wouldn't you just love to eat him, sweetie," she asked, and shaking her torso managed to free one nipple from the shining, mirrored bodice as she hummed along with the shouting, sweating mariachi musicians.

Roy tried to get a glimpse of the bar-manager but couldn't except to note that he limped. Obviously it was an artificial leg. And did he have only one arm? It was hard to see. But Glitter's nipple was right out there in the bright lights, curiously erect and big and like the penis of a growing boy, in contrast with the neat, orderly size of the rest of her breast. The electric fan over the booth whirred and slapped at the tropic air and Glitter, rocking herself back and forth in the seat, obviously masturbating in her mind, suddenly reached over into his crotch, seeing his prick through the thin seersucker of his trousers.

"Hey," he whispered, "watch it with those nails. That seersucker is thin.

"Seersucker, cocksucker," she said, draining her own drink and picking up his as yet untouched one. "In mi rancho tengo todo, . . ." she sang, in a raucous alto which was oddly engaging.

He became conscious that several people at the bar were watching the girl's glittering hand playing with his cock. They seemed hypnotised and one man began to imitate the girl's movement on himself.

More drinks had appeared automatically and as sharp little tongues of pain began to shoot through him from her nails he drained one of the drinks. "Listen," he said, talking rapidly to change the subject, shift his mind around from what she was doing under the table, from the one breast or nipple she was displaying practically resting in the potato chips, "you were awful god-damned cruel to that old fart out on the verandah."

"Sure," she said, still following the bar manager with her eyes, seeing his reflection in the mirrors, which Roy couldn't. "I made his evening, maybe his whole damned vacation. How long's it been since a good lookin' girl made a remark about his prick, huh? Even if it's only to tell him to stop playing with it."

"But it was so cruel . . . about the colostomy and all . . ."

"You gotta be cruel in this world, Tiger, to be kind."

She grinned at him and squeezed his hard prick even more painfully. "And I'm the kindest broad you're ever going to meet, sweetie. Don't come," she warned him, abruptly, "because you and me are going upstairs and do something serious about this."

The mariachis were near, gathering this time not in expectation of a handsome tip from the table, but hypnotised by that black metalsheathed hand at work on the young man's crotch. "Ole!" shouted Glitter downing her drink. Abruptly she abandoned her art work on Roy's crotch and stood up, pushing the table out so fast it nearly fell over. At the same time she grabbed Roy by the hand and jerked him to his feet.

As he followed her lead, he heard a laugh. He looked down at himself and he saw that her fingernails had ripped the seersucker material of the front of his trousers nearly into shreads. His jockey shorts were showing through and here and there spots of blood.

As the leader of the mariachi band shrieked with laughter, pointing at the boy, the others crowded around for a good look, and Glitter, her laugh louder than any of the others, dragged the kid around the room like a trophy, Roy clutching at his now ripped trousers, trying to hide himself, his erection and his exposed condition.

To shouts of laughter and encouragement in Spanish, the dancing, prancing black girl dragged the embarassed young man out of the bar and raced him through the empty lobby, up the ramp leading upstairs.

In his room there was a bottle of tequila and while Roy sank on the bed Glitter opened the bottle with professional expertise and poured them both a big luke-warm slug. She went over to the balcony and looked out at the night, her silver shod feet tapping out the beat of the mariachi song echoing up from the bar below.

"You did that on purpose," he said, "you wanted to shame me. Just like you did that old fart downstairs. Why? What do you get out of it?"

She shook herself free of her glittering gown for a moment until it lay in a pile of bright ruined mirror at her feet.

She had a beautiful, tall, slim, black model's body, with small breasts but those curious nipples which were "like little pricks, right, Tiger?" she said, reading his mind.

He stared at the girl. She was unbelievably beautiful.

"Because I like to give the guys I like something to remember, sweetie," she said. "Any old whore can do it the old-fashioned way. Any little chippie you pick

up in Hollywood can ball you and the moment you've shot, lovey, that's it, jack. But nobody, nobody, nobody who's ever banged me, Tiger, has forgotten it. I'm unforgetable."she said beaming at him, feeling around in her bright, mirrored handbag for something. "Now stand up dear," she said. "Come on."

He looked at her uncertainly. "No," he said.

"You stand up, you dirty little cocksucker," she said, "or I'll open that damned door and yell louder than you ever heard anybody yell and swear you raped me and tried to get me to perform an unnatural act and anything else that comes to mind on the inspiration of the moment. And they'll throw you in jail, honey. You, not me. Because I'll lay the sheriff or whoever it is around here, just out of gratitude. You ever been in a Mexican jail, Tiger? You know what they'd do to your ass, baby?"

Roy stared at her in continuing disbelief. Part of him thought it must be the tequila and part of him was afraid it wasn't, but was doom, nemesis, the Erinyes themselves pursuing him for some half-forgotten sin of his childhood.

"Up," she said.

He stood up.

The bed was four poster, the room decorated in ersatz Hernando Cortez, crossed with a little of Montezuma, pre-Conquest.

The lady's sheathed nails, sharp as razors when they chose to be, made short work of his clothes. She had produced a length of nylon cord from her handbag. Now, humming to herself, those incredible nipples bounding in every direction as she went about her work, she whipped the nylon cord around him, tying him to the bedpost.

"So old fashioned, "she murmured, engrossed in her work, "but so effective if you don't have a railroad track handy."

As he began to be increasingly frightened of the situation, the nylon cord pulling itself tighter and tighter around his now bare flesh, she kept up her little dance, tapping out the Spanish rhythms with those high-heeled silver shoes of hers, and pausing, en route as it were, to take his prick in her mouth. Surprisingly, considering the situation, it was erect and after a moment or two with Glitter ministering to it, it was very erect.

"I had a Hungarian producer once," she said, "met the old sonovabitch in the bar of the Bamer just a few days ago, in Mexico City. Love to play St. Sebastian," she said. "You see, in the picture I did for him, I was a black Queen of the Upper Amazon, and I used to lead my tribe through the jungles knocking off archeologists. A real blow job," she said, gaily, singing along with the distant mariachis," and I'm gonna show you how, sweetie. Might come in handy

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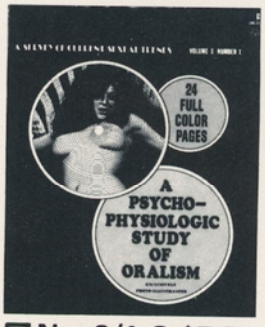

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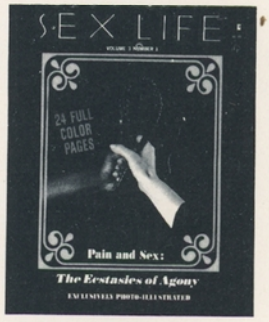

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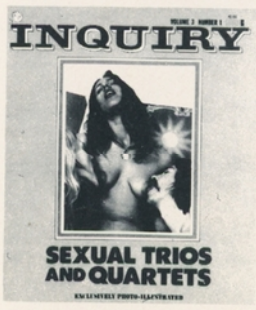

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one day."

As she talked, she turned her back to the now firmly bound young man, bent over a bit, though she was a tall girl especially in her high heels, and began to feel in her bag for something else. As she did, she caught his prick, stiff now, between her legs, moved it into position, and backed up on it gaily, wiggling about to the music, clicking the metal sheathed fingers of one hand like silver castanets.

As she began to pump back and forth, back and forth, her long-legged black body reflected in the mirror, Roy responded, frightened, horny, gratified, terrorized. And as he experienced all these sensations and emotions, suddenly he felt a sharp pain in his left shoulder. He opened his eyes. She hadn't changed position. She was still bent over, screwing happily backwards but as she smiled at him over her shoulder, which was near the floor—and she was displaying all the agility of a trained acrobat—he saw she had a small bamboo blow gun in her mouth and she was in the act of blowing small, knife tipped darts into him. She didn't stop, either but blew them rapidly one by one at him, all over his torso, the blood flowing quickly and copiously from each wound. "Blow job, Tiger, baby;" she cried happily, "blow job!"

He would have called out for help, shrieked, fought but in the darts themselves there must have been something, he thought in his dim confused way, that prevented that. Yet he was conscious of what she was doing. And he felt the pain.

And then suddenly, she was through, the darts exhausted.

She pulled herself free of his still erect prick and looked at him, looked at all the little bleeding wounds decorating his torso "like St. Sebastian," she said appreciatively. She kissed each one thoughtfully then seeing his erection, went down on him with great expertise, her breasts swinging back and forth to the music. Whatever was the narcotic in the darts, he had an immense, endless-seeming orgasm, flicked with pain.

He slumped for a moment in the nylon cords but they cut too far into his tender flesh now, rubbing against the darts. He straightened up as Glitter slipped back into her mirrored gown, happy as a lark.

"Why . . . ?" he managed to say.

The roar of the pounding waves below made conversation difficult. No doubt it had drowned his screams, too.

"I hate men, doll," beamed Glitter merrily, hastily checking her appearance, freshening her lipstick.

"I didn't blow you because you'd like it, Tiger. I did it because I go ape at the taste of my own cunt. Suffer, baby, suffer," she said brightly, running her hand over the darts still sticking to him. With a merry smile and a wink, she let herself out the door, pausing to affix the "do not disturb" sign on the outer knob.

The crowd had thinned out in the bar but the big table of American tourists, men and women alike, some not so bad looking, were still sitting there.

Glitter had a fresh tall drink in front of her and the look of having been nicely laid in the immediate past.

"You must be mad," said the bar-manager now sitting beside her.

"I'm mad about you," said Glitter, showing her teeth and her black nipples and her desire. She moved her hand under the table once again, this time to put her hand on the bar-manager's crotch.

"I don't like to be hurt," he said. His name was Michel and he'd had a French grandmother and now as he turned to watch the American tourists who were becoming a bit loud and obstreperous, the side of his face which had before been hidden, was revealed. On one side he was as handsome "as an angel" breathed Glitter, her eyes bright with desire, as she hastily took off the metal sheathing around her fingernails. "I'm always one to oblige," she said to Michel with a meek, willing thoroughly sexual smile. The other side of Michel's face, though he was young, was destroyed, with a disfigured eye roaming in a mass of scar tissue, a mouth twisted on this side into a strange grimace, scars everywhere and below, an arm cut off just below the elbow. This was also the side of his metal artificial leg.

"I've never seen a man before about whom I feel as I feel about you," said Glitter with obvious sincerity, even this time ignoring the hot hors d'oeuvres.

"Yes, I know," he said. "Because I am all broken, that's why. I understand."

"You're beautiful, exquisite," she said and she tried to kiss his hand, but found this was the side without a hand. It didn't seem to matter. She would have kissed the scars of his stump but he pulled away with wry dignity.

"You are an utterly depraved young woman," he said. "I've heard about you. The maids have just cut down the young man upstairs. I will have to ask you to leave."

Glitter took a breath, gave the bartender another big smile intimating another drink was wanted, and drained the glass before her. "Yes," she said brightly, "let's you and I go off in . . . what do you call those little horse drawn carriages?"

"An arana," said the bar-manager without inflection. He seemed very weary, very accustomed to all sorts of things. Glitter didn't like this.

"I don't like it," she said to him, a touch petulantly, "no one has ever yet taken me for granted and no one ever will."

"Let's go off in an arana and

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take our clothes off and fuck on those moldy old worn-out leather seats while the driver watches, okay?"

"I don't take you for granted, senorita," said Michel, unperturbed and lighting a cigarette deftly with one hand, "not at all. I think you are an original. But you must understand that here in this hotel, we get so many tourists, and there is always a certain percentage of the ladies who no longer feel anything ... anything at all. And then they see me with his eye half out, and this scar tissue up and down one side of me and they think, oh, God, here is something I can use to make me have an orgasm. I don't like to be used."

Glitter looked at him and shifted her head as the boy waiter, who had obviously heard the rumours about the bleeding young man upstairs, put her drink before her. She gave him a dazzling smile and clasped his arm. "Listen, honey," she began then turned to the bar manager, "how the hell do you say honey in Spanish, honey?"

"He understands English," said Michel, unmoved, sipping at his sirop de cassis.

Glitter looked a touch annoyed now. She could see the fat old bastard with the colostomy bag beaming lasciviously at her from across the bar, where he was holding down the end seat with a huge boilermaker in front of him. She hoped fervently it gave him a fatal case of the running shits.

She turned to the boy and flashed that soft, army-destroying, dove-like glance of hers and was pleased to observe the boy's inordinately large organ apparently stiffen in his over-size black trousers. "I'm being thrown out of this dump, dear," she said, "get my bags down for me and out front?"

The boy nodded, smiling rather idiotically before he remembered to glance at his employer. Michel nodded gravely and the boy dashed off about his errand.

Glitter moved closer to Michel, sipping her new drink and rubbing her leg against his.

"Not that it matters," observed the bar manager, "but that's the wrong side. It's all metal there, or the nerve ends are dead. In either event, I feel nothing."

"Jesus," said Glitter, beginning to get just a little discouraged. "I've been looking for a man like you all my life and here you are with no god-damned nerve ends. It isn't fair. When I think of the damned producers and directors and writers and business managers I've had to fight off, tooth and nail, for five years, to get where I am, hating every damned one of them—and I haven't begun on the dikes." she said, but looked up as one of the tourist women, one of the better looking ones, who had just appeared at the table, blanched at the word "dike."

"Excuse me," gulped the lady, "but ... I'm here with my husband and friends and we're just sure you're the girl we saw shooting that motion picture down at Churubusco two weeks ago. And in the inside of *Harpers?*"

"Vogue," said Glitter, without much interest.

"We just know you're going to be a big big star," said the lady, "and we all think you're even more beautiful in person than you are in pictures."

Glitter ignored her. "Listen," she said, turning away from the tourist lady, the emptying bar, the departing mariachis, the lights being turned out, "listen, Michel, I want you to drive out to that damned dinky little airport with me, and screw me, huh? Fuck the hell out of me!"

"Good Heavens," said the tourist lady, taken aback, but glued to the spot. "I thought when you said things like that on the screen, it was only because they made up those awful words for you to say. Like in those French pictures."

"Your plane doesn't leave until eight," said Michel glancing at the old fashioned school house clock fixed to the wall.

"I know what they say about permissiveness in the movies and all," went on the tourist lady, "but I thought off-screen you were just a nice girl trying to make a living. Church-going, moral."

The tourist lady's husband grabbed hold of her and was dragging her off, for her attention was firmly fixed on Glitter's naked crotch, her dress having slipped up during her frantic plea to the bar-manager. "But I want to talk to this girl, Harry," protested the tourist lady, attempting to pull back. "She's real, Harry. I mean I think she's got a secret about life maybe we could use at home. Harry, don't pull me away!" wept the woman, very tight, "I think I'm in love with her."

Michel frowned. "You cause trouble," he said, displeased and restless, but drinking his drink with no apparent intention of moving.

Glitter held to his arm fervently. "Not trouble," she said, "life. Have you got much of it," she went on, "you can afford to lose this little bit?"

"I can't screw you," said Michel, looking up at the ceiling and counting the flies stuck up there and hoping he could remember once again to get the boys to clean them off.

She looked at him. "What do you mean?"

He smiled, staring aimlessly across the room, mentally estimating how many bottles had been used up by the tourists.

"The accident. I don't feel anything. It's there but I don't feel anything."

"I'll make you feel something, I swear I will," she said plaintively.

He looked at her. He kissed her gravely, holding her head in

his hands. Tears ran down her face. "There," he said, "that's feeling something. But not in the prick. That I can't feel. That you cannot make me feel."

"Love . . ." she asked. ". . . yes? You feel that?"

He shook his head and sighed, and wondered if he had any aspirin in his room. "No," he said. "Pity."

"Oh, you shit," she said. "You dirty deformed shit!"

She got up, pushing the table away again so that it nearly tumbled over. She marched to the door. As she did the boy came up with the bill on a tray.

She looked at him, hard. "It's on the house," she said, "because I was so fucking entertaining here tonight."

The boy looked over at the bar manager. The bar manager, his handsome side turned toward them, smiled wanly and shook his head negatively. "It's a business we run, after all, senorita," he said.

The black girl dug in her bright bag for a bill, and slapped it on the tray without looking at it.

"Gracias, senorita," said the boy, impressed.

"Of, fuck off," said Glitter, annoyed. She stormed out of the bar to the verandah. The breeze had unaccountably turned cooler but there was light now. Somehow the night had passed and dawn was breaking.

She clattered on her high heels to the stairs leading down to the couple of cabs and the two aranas and their sleepy drivers. The drivers managed to pull themselves into some semblance of alertness.

"Cab, senorita?"

"She's going with me," said a voice.

Glitter looked up. A big turquoise and pink Cadillac convertible, several years old but still serviceable, was pulled up just behind the cabs. In the driver's seat was the old man in the baseball cap, watching Glitter with rather wry, cynical interest. "In here, honey," he said. "Airport, right?"

She looked at him. Without a word she marched over to his car, the bell boy threw open the door of the convertible, tossed her bags in the back seat, and she stepped in.

The big car tore with easy command up the street, up the rising avenue around the little mountain which lay to one side of the bay.

"Plenty of time," said the old man, glancing at his watch and watching the pearly pink and grey dawn materialize around the beaches ahead and the islands in the distance. "Plane doesn't leave for a few hours. Like a fish breakfast?" he asked her.

She leaned back against the deeply upholstered seat and stared up at the sky, becoming turquoise and pink itself with the dawn. The sun suddenly

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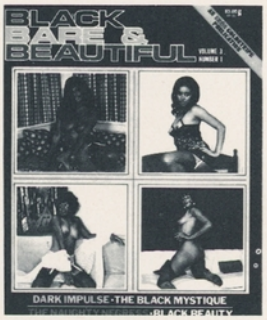

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broke through the line of clouds and hit her with an orange spot of heat and it felt good. "Fish breakfast," she repeated with a sigh. "Yours or mine? If you mean you want to eat my cunt, forget it, daddy. I don't like old men lapping at me."

"I meant the fishermen's place," said the old man, not taking offense, steering the car down the narrow, walled sea-avenue with expertise. He nodded to a beach and a line of palm-thatched huts up ahead. Beyond she could see the fishermen coming in with their early morning catch, the fish in the nets gleaming and struggling like silver lamè, alive and bloody. "Reina de los Pescos." he said, "or something like that."

"What that mean?" asked Glitter crossly. "Oh, I know," she said, remembering her few words of Spanish. "Fishqueen. God, I've known so many of those, daddy. Okay, why not."

They parked the car and trudged through the sand toward the huts warming quickly in the rays of the rising sun. It had a board floor and a palm thatched top, and an ice chest made out of an old cola container, once refrigerated. They had a couple of bottles of cold beer and the old man put a quarter in the juke-box which was surprisingly there.

The fishermen filed up with their catch and the old man picked out a couple of fish each.

The woman who was to cook them, took them down to the next shack some distance away, after the old man, who was known to her apparently, had explained in detail how he wanted them prepared.

Glitter stood by the juke-box tapping her heels to the beat of the music. It was loud, blastingly loud, even out here in this deserted, pearl-like stretch of beach. Now with the fishermen departed and the woman disappeared to the cockshack they were alone.

She lifted her fringed mirror skirt and began to dance the Mexican jota she'd been taught in Mexico City. She was beginning to feel better.

The old man sat on a broken down wooden chair and watched her with an odd expression on his face. The pink orange light from the sun as it peeped through the pearly clouds lining the horizon hit his face and made him look for a moment, oddly younger. The light caught the mirrors of Glitters dress, the pristine blackness of her satiny skin. She danced, not expertly, but vigorously, beginning now for the first time to perspire in the bright hot orange sun piercing through the palm-thatch at them and making the morning sea iridescent. Her black skin against the bright sea seemed to strike the old man, with his big paunch and his wrinkles and fallen chins, in an oddly poetic way.

She danced past him, forgetful of him really, stamping her feet, her mirrored fringe whirling about her.

"Make me feel something," came his voice.

She looked over at him as she stamped away furiously on the wooden floor, enjoying herself now. "Please," he said again, "make me feel something. Anything."

The plea, the supplication in his eyes was as naked and as clear as the innocence in the eyes of a small child. Indeed to Glitter he looked rather like a small child in the pink-orange glow of dawn, a small fat, slightly retarded child.

"I haven't felt ... anything," whispered the old man ... "in many years." He was fumbling with his fly, pulling out his genitals.

The music increased in tempo and Glitter, staring at the old man, at the old thickened fingers aimlessly working, massaging his prick, suddenly increased the tempo of her dancing. She whriled and whirled and whirled and then abruptly, as the surf thundered on the long strand just outside, she was whirling in front of him. And the long mirrored fringe of her dress, the fringe with the thousand cutting edges flew against the pink-orange face and the prick and balls of the old man, staining all bright scarlet in a thousand more places. He cried out, half raised his hands to ward off the attack of glittering mirror as the black girl cried out, as she had heard them cry in the bull ring, all the cries of the battle of blood. "Olé, Olé, Olé!" she yelled.

At the airport, she parked his car, found surprisingly she didn't need a porter for her two bags, marched on to the field, boarded the first plane she saw there. No one questioned her; she knew they wouldn't. After all she had authority ... and she had the old man's wallet, too. He'd died in that shack of his own doing, of his many ills; it was nothing to do with her.

She opened her handbag as the plane took off abruptly and checked her appearance. She noted without surprise that she looked radiant. There was a spot of blood on her face. She felt for a bit of cotton and removed it. As she did she saw the face of a man in the mirror. He leaned forward, smiling, and spoke to her. "Haven't I seen you in films?"

She smiled at him. "May I sit next to you?" he asked. She smiled assent. He moved into the seat beside her and she quietly slipped on her silvèrsheath fingernail guards. "Aren't those curious," he said, "What are they?"

"I do a lot of nail polish ads," she said, smiling at him and under cover of the copy of the magazine on his lap slipping her hand into his crotch. "It's part of my work."

The man gasped a bit as he felt her hand then smiled.

"You like cunt?" she asked softly, smiling at him.

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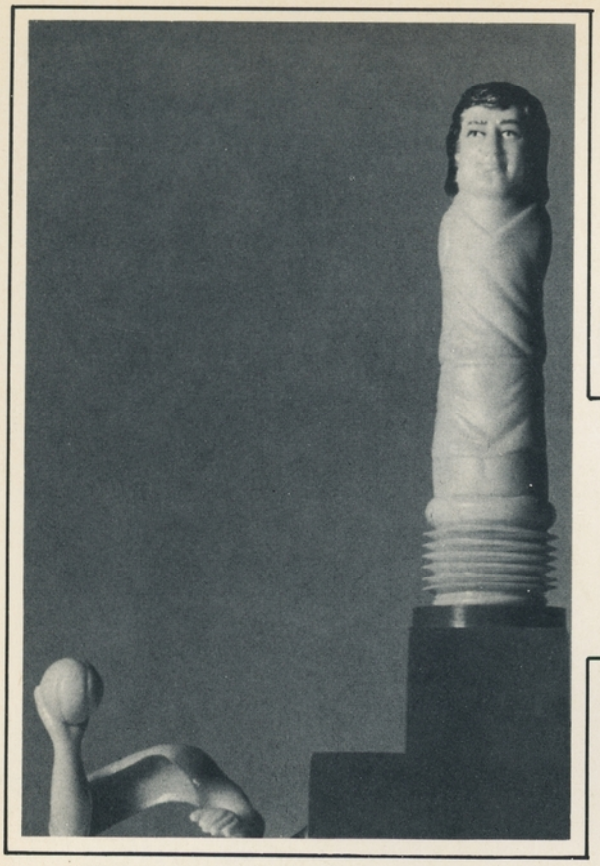

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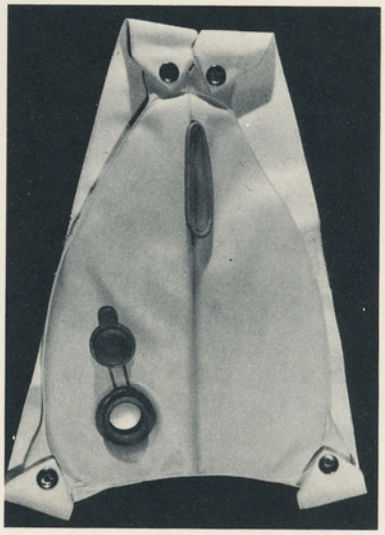

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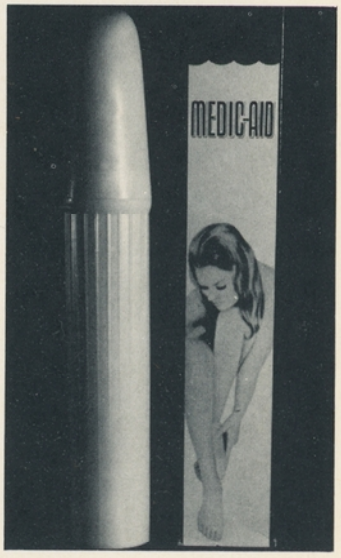

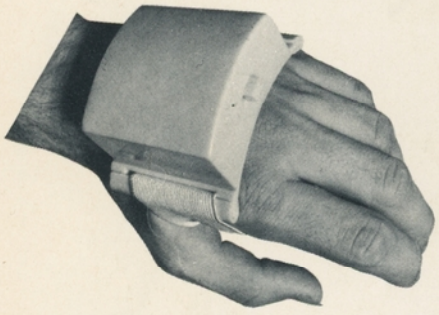

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